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NO 46

*HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;*

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

I had accidentally heard one of the respectable farmers' wives reprove a very pretty girl, who was her daughter, for suffering Dixon to put his arm round her waist. "Did I not caution you," said the anxious mother, "even against speaking to that vile libertine? Would to God he had never come into our neighbourhood; and I fear many a foolish girl will have reason to wish the same."

Dixon, and his friend Captain Gordon, had both betted high upon the old women with the Laird of Dumfries; and though I actually did not see any bribery, yet I thought the women on whom his lordship had betted evidently slackened their pace after Dixon had whispered something to each. Be that as it may, Lord Dumfries lost five-and-forty guineas to each of his guests; and from what I understood of their family connections, it was not very likely that either of these gentlemen could have afforded to pay his lordship, had they lost their bets; for the father of the one was an exciseman, and the

other kept a chandler's shop at Glasgow.

Dinner was soon announced, and Emma joined us, looking more beautiful than I had ever seen her. My attention however, was chiefly directed towards Dixon, who appeared to have neither eyes nor ears for any other person at table; and I then traced the source of the advice he had given the unsuspecting husband. Soon after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Morgan, the steward, entered, and requested to know whether the dancing was to begin, or whether the young party were to wait until Lady Dumfries joined them again.

"The young fellows, I suppose, are all anxious to select their favourite lasses?" said the lord of the castle. "No, my lord," replied Morgan, "it is the young women who are most anxious to begin dancing; for the lads have for the last hour been amusing themselves with vaulting over the broad ditch at the end of the park; and the lasses, I believe, are fearful some accident should happen to their lovers or brothers."

"And do they vault well?" demanded his lordship. "Most capitally, the reply. "Can you vault, Dixon? If you can, I'll have a trial of skill with you; for I skim through the air with the rapidity of a swallow; and if I have

a pole I can depend upon, I will be bound to vault over a ditch six yards in width."

Dixon and Gordon both professed their skill in the science of vaulting, or rather springing; by the aid of a pole, over an immense space. And though Emma intreated her husband not to engage in such a dangerous amusement, he laughed at, though he seemed flattered by her fears; declaring, that while he was at college, none of his companions would venture to vault or spring with him,

"If you are determined upon this dangerous species of amusement," said Emma, "for heaven's sake, do not drink any more wine. In that case I will witness the exhibition, though I would almost as soon see you ascend in a balloon." Flattered by having the object of his affections to behold that superiority which the Laird of Dumfries Castle felt certain he possessed over his guests, he instantly rose from the table, and we all followed him to the spot where the young men were displaying their feats of dexterity. Lord Dumfries examined the pole which the young farmers had been using, and declared it perfectly strong; then, turning to both his military companions, he said, "I'll bet you twenty guineas each, I clear the ditch, and likewise the bank on the other side."

"A bet!" exclaimed both at the same moment. The agreement was scarcely uttered before the feat was performed. Loud shouts proclaimed the victor's prowess; and if I had not seen it, I could not have thought it possible for any man to have sprang such a number of yards.

"Now," continued the victor, "I will bet the same sum, that you, neither of you, can do what I have done."

"The bank I shall not attempt," replied Dixon; "but I will jump the ditch with any of these young men."—"Then you acknowledge my superiority, do you?" demanded the little hero. "I acknowledge that your body is lighter than mine, and, of course, that you can bound a greater distance;" rejoined the disconcerted captain, drawing forth his purse to pay the lost bet.

"No, no, you may win yet, Dixon; for I'll bet upon young Malcomb's head." The young farmer seemed to feel his pride elated, and seizing the pole, was over in an instant. Dixon, with an oath, desired him to throw it over; but on stooping to pick it up, exclaimed, "Oh, my God!" and clapped his hand to his side, pretending to be seized with a violent spasm.

"What is the matter?" each enquired, with a greater degree of solicitude than the pretended sufferer deserved. "Support me, for heaven's sake!" said he, in a feeble accent, throwing himself into captain Gordon's arms, and drawing his breath with as much well-feigned difficulty as if he had been at the point of death.

Lord Dumfries was unfortunately at the other side of the ditch, and observing the well-acted part, yet believing it to be real, he desired the pole might be thrown again to him. Eager to give assistance to the spasmodic gentleman, he did not give himself time to fix the point of the pole secure; it yielded to the jerk, flew up with the ill-fated being who had depended upon its sustaining assistance, and he fell upon his back with a force inconceivable. A scream from Lady Dumfries recalled my attention from Dixon. I scrambled down the bank, and saw Lord Dumfries apparently lifeless; yet, not aware of the dreadful consequences, I had flattered myself he was only in a fainting fit.

We loosened his cravat, and sprinkled water upon his temples, and seeing he began to revive, I desired the servants to assist me in moving him; upon which he uttered a scream, which at this moment seems to reverberate upon my astonished organs. The back-bone was actually broken by the violence of the fall; for the lower part unfortunately came in contact with the stump of a tree. Though the surgeon of the neighbouring town happened to be present, human skill was vain; and the exquisite torture the hapless man went through far exceeded the power of language to describe.

Perfectly sensible, yet completely aware of his situation upon being, with the greatest difficulty carried to his bed,

he desired every person to quit his apartment except Mr. Oswald and myself. He even breathed with the greatest difficulty ; and every word he articulated, seemed to act like a dagger to the part ; yet, in that trying moment, he displayed a degree of fortitude far beyond what I had expected. Having informed his father-in-law that he was certain he could only live a few hours he intreated him to name what sum he wished to have settled upon his daughter, independent of her jointure ; “ for my heir at law,” said he, “ is a selfish character, and incapable of a generous act.” It was in vain that my friend Oswald informed him he was perfectly satisfied with the marriage settlement “ No, no,” he replied ; “ it would have been sufficient for an elderly woman ; but my dearest Emma is of an age to enjoy the blessings of fortune, which I have robbed her of by my folly : ought I not, therefore, to make her some recompense ?” Oswald again declared himself perfectly satisfied ; “ but my dear son,” said he, “ it is possible a lawful heir to your title and estates may be in embryo ; and under this idea, I intreat you to let an attorney instantly be sent for.”

The sufferer's countenance beamed with joy at this supposition. “ Oh, God !” he fervently exclaimed, “ grant my prayer ! Grant that my beloved Emma may become a mother !”

A servant was instantly dispatched for the attorney, who arrived in less than two hours. Ten thousand pounds funded property was added to Lady D's jointure, and five thousand bequeathed to her sister Eliza ; whilst every thing was arranged with great precision, in case of the birth of a male or female heir.

Could my admiration of the amiable Emma have been increased, it certainly must have been by the delicate attention she paid to her suffering lord ; for had he been the object of her fondest affection, she could not have testified greater affection or concern. That concern, however, was not confined to bodily sufferings ; for, like an angel, she pointed out the glorious reward which attended even a death-bed repentance,

if it proceeded from the heart. The soothing tones of her voice—the persuasive powers of her eloquence, acted as a balsamic cordial to the wounded mind of her dying husband. At her request a clergyman was sent for, and they both received the sacrament.

Though the surgeon had imagined a very few hours must terminate his existence ; yet near six-and-thirty elapsed before a mortification took place, the first symptom of which was an excessive drowsiness ; for the excessive torture he had suffered prevented the opiates from taking effect ; and in that state of torpor the ill-fated Laird of Dumfries Castle lay until the following evening, when, without a sigh or a groan, he expired.

Of the folly of forming hasty conclusions respecting any human being, I had frequently seen the impropriety ; and that the laird of Dumfries Castle was a weak frivolous mortal was an indisputable fact ; but upon a farther acquaintance with him, I readily acknowledged that he was by no means the little despicable mortal I had imagined, and his conduct at that awful period, when no man attempts to veil his natural propensities, convinced me that the failings I had too easily discovered did not originate in the heart, but proceeded from the head.

From the period of the unfortunate accident to the termination of Lord Dumfries' existence, the amiable Emma never, for five minutes together, quitted him ; and even when the stupefying power of the opiates produced a lethargic insensibility, she could not be persuaded to leave the side of his bed. “ Should he, said she, “ but recover his intellects for a few moments, and not find me near him, what an opinion must he form of my character ! I must then appear to him as an unfeeling and despicable being.”

There was too much truth in this observation for either Mr. or Mrs. Oswald to attempt controverting it, and, without farther remonstrance, they suffered their highly-principled daughter to follow her own inclination.

(To be continued.)



For the New-York Weekly Museum

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*ALFRED AND MATILDA.*  
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A TALE.  
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'Twas in that season of life, when hope beats highest in the bosom, and the heart is peculiarly susceptible of the tenderest emotions, that Alfred just turned of nineteen, first became acquainted with the beautiful Matilda. Alfred was the son of respectable parents, who lived in a pleasant part of New-England; and Matilda, who was in her seventeenth year, was the only daughter of a very worthy gentleman in the neighborhood. Her mother, who was a most excellent woman, died when Matilda was about nine years of age, and of course, the care of her education devolved wholly upon her father.

Nature had bestowed on Matilda, not only the graces of a fine form, and beautiful countenance, but the blessings of a comprehensive intellect, a quick perception, and an ardent and lively genius. Her fine blue eyes, while they reflected in an uncommon degree, a mind beaming with intelligence and vivacity, were at the same time beautifully expressive of all that softness, that mildness, that benevolence, that charity, in a word, of all those amiable dispositions, which form the perfection of the female character. Her father, who was a pious man, carefully and successfully instilled into her mind, the benign principles of religion, apart from that narrow, sectarian and gloomy spirit, which too often infuses itself into the precepts of religious instructors. Though her education had decidedly a religious cast, and was mainly calculated to enrich and adorn her mind rather than her person, she had not altogether neglected the ornaments and accomplishments of her sex. Her dress was always neat and becoming; always unaffected, unostentatious; equally removed from the tawdry extravagance of lightness and folly, and from the unamiable appearance of careless neglect. Tho' she was not indifferent to the modes and ornaments of fashion, she never adopted them when they were not in perfect uni-

son with her own nice sense of delicacy and propriety. Her motion was graceful, but she seldom danced; her voice was music itself, and she not unfrequently entertained her select parties by singing some favorite air. In painting she had made considerable proficiency, and excelled particularly in flowers and landscapes;—but she exercised herself in these only as occasional sources of amusement to herself and entertainment to her friends; ever remembering that, as she was an intellectual creature, her principal business was the improvement of her mind and the duties of religion.

Such was Matilda, when Alfred was first introduced to her acquaintance; to behold her, to commune with her, was to love her. Her personal attractions were great, but her mental charms still greater. Alfred *saw* her, and *admired*; he *conversed* with her and *loved*. He sought every opportunity of meeting her, and frequently had the happiness of conversing with her, and sometimes of accompanying her in her walks. The more he became acquainted with her, the more he admired and the more ardently he loved.

Three months had elapsed, without any particular expressions of affection other than those of friendship, when Alfred determined to summon presence of mind enough to tell her the nature of the sentiments with which she had inspired him. An opportunity soon presented. Returning home with her one summer evening from an afternoon's visit to her aunt, as they entered her father's gate, Alfred invited her to take a walk in the pleasure garden, in front of the house; to which she obligingly assented.—All nature was smiling in luxuriance around them; the air was balm; the sky was clear, and the stars shone with mild and placid lustre; the moon beams sported in light and play-some dance on the verdant foliage of the trees and the green shrubbery with which they were surrounded.—Matilda had just finished relating an affecting anecdote of a poor orphan child, whose wants she had that day relieved; and her countenance beamed with a smile of complacent joy as she added that

her father had also provided for the dear creature's future education.—It was the expression of a tender and generous heart. Alfred resolved to seize the propitious moment. Young, ardent and hoping every thing, he blessed Matilda for the goodness of her heart, and taking her respectfully by the hand, confessed his passion, and in broken and tenderest accents told her all his heart.—(Oh Alfred, canst thou e'er forget that hour).—Her cheek was slightly suffused with the blush of innocence,—her fine eyes, which at first were cast towards the ground, were at length gently raised to meet his; they were moistened with the tear of affectionate kindness, and spoke volumes of joy and rapture to his heart.—In characters visible and beautiful as those which at that moment adorned the canopy of Heaven, he there read, what in a few moments he had the happiness to hear her frankly avow;—that he was by no means indifferent to her;—that her heart reciprocated his affection and beat responsive to his hopes; and that with the consent of her father, whose will must be her law, she would henceforth consider him in the light of a lover. Alfred for the first time, pressed her lily hand to his lips, and after another tour in the garden, conducted her to the house and soon after took his leave, with feelings of joy and forebodings of bliss that may be conceived, but cannot be described.

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He was unexpectedly called to set out very early next morning on a journey which would necessarily occasion an absence of three weeks;—"Love loves most when love most secret is."—So thought Alfred;—and he had revealed to no person living, except to Matilda herself, the nature of his attachment and his hopes. He had therefore no means of confidentially conveying to her the necessary explanation and apology for his abrupt departure; but recollecting that she had asked him to lend her a little volume of poems, he pencilled a short note (which *she* only could understand) acquainting her with the circumstance; placed it between the leaves, enclosed the book in a seal-

ed wrapper, directed it to Matilda, and in an apparently indifferent manner requested a friend to hand it to her. He set out on his journey the next morning. Matilda's image was the constant companion of his thoughts; the bitterness of separation was alleviated only by the anticipated joy of meeting again; a joy he was never to realize a "transport he was not to know"—When he had been from home about a fortnight and was near setting out on his return, he received a letter on business from a friend, who was altogether unconscious of the state of Alfred's affections, and who among other circumstances, incidentally mentioned (oh heart rending stroke) the death of Matilda! \*\*\*\* In consequence of a sudden cold she was seized with a violent fever, and at the end of five days, during which she was most of the time in a delirium, she expired in the arms of her father—\*\*\* They who have felt most keenly the bitterness of affliction and have drank deepest of the "baleful cup of misery," can best imagine poor Alfred's sufferings under so severe a trial. \*\*\*\* He reached home three days after her funeral;—in private and alone, he visited the place which entombed her mortal remains, and with floods of affectionate tears watered her grave. A deep melancholy, which he disguised, under the name of ill health, for a time deprived him of all relish for society, and its pleasures.—There is sometimes a sacredness in grief which refuses all participation, and Alfred, (who still lives) has divulged the circumstance of his attachment to very few, even of his most intimate friends and connexions.

W \*\*\*\*\*

#### ANECDOTE.

A Votary of the Muses, at a learned University, began a poem on the influence of the sun, in these words:—

The sun's perpendicular heat  
Began to illumine the sea—

He then walked out to breathe fresh inspiration. One of his companions stepped in, and finished it as follows:—

And fishes beginning to sweat,  
Cried, blast it! how hot we shall be-

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

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AYSA.

—  
(From the French.)

CHARLES the fifth entered victorious into Tunis, and placed on the throne the usurper, Muley Hascen, who had favored his conquest against the interests of his nation. On the same day Muley Hascen met a young female slave, whom a person was conducting bound with cords. Struck with her beauty, he wished to purchase her freedom, but she exclaimed: Begone, perfidious Hascen, who, to recover a kingdom, which did not belong to thee, hast betrayed thy country! At these words the prince, without being offended, offered a considerable sum for her ransom, but she repeated, Begone, I tell thee, I will not have a tyrant for a liberator. Her name was Aysa.

R. S. C. V.

#### USEFUL DIRECTIONS TO EPICURES.

MAKE it a rule to be early in your attendance: every epicure will allow that it is better to wait a little for dinner, than to have the dinner spoiled waiting for him.

Carefully inspect the bill of fare that you may know what is coming, and be able to place yourself accordingly.

Seat yourself directly opposite to your favourite dish; in that case you will be able to help yourself to the nice cuts.

Help yourself plentifully at first, as it is a thousand to one whether you have a chance of a second plateful, and there may be some present who understand the *joint* as well as yourself.

Watch the eye of him who wishes to *hob* or *nob*, and ask him to drink a glass of wine with you.—You may get drunk otherwise, but not so expeditiously and politely.

If you wish to be very witty at the expense of any of the company, attack him after the second bottle, ten to one but he forgets it all before morning, or if not, you can plead that you had too much wine in your head.

Always join loudly in the chorus of a song; it opens the pores, and gives a particular relish to the wine.

In returning home, particularly, if drunk, prefer riding on horseback: you may have a fall in the other way, but there is more spirit and effort in a fall from a horse: besides, you can always blame the horse who threw you off, although he was sober.

When Themistocles went to Andrus to demand a levy of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion," He was answered, "And we have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

An Athenian, who wanted eloquence, but was very brave; when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up, and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has SAID, I will DO."

#### ANECDOTES.

A young man, who was paying his addresses to an Irish girl, had gained so far on her affections that she had consented to attend him to the temple of Hymen, when some economical fears arose in his breast which cooled the flame Cupid had kindled; he therefore waited on his destined bride and began to talk of hard times, and household expenses, till her patience being exhausted, she very fairly turned him out of the house. Her mistress hearing the noise called to know what it was. "Nothing, madam," replied she, "but myself kicking the cares of the world out of doors."

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A sturdy looking fellow, in dirty, ragged apparel, on soliciting charity of a Bard, was asked, how it came about, that one so healthy and strong as he apparently was, should resort to so disgraceful a mode to obtain subsistence? The vagabond answered, I have a *license* to beg. The Bard, eyeing him with attention, observed, *lice*, you may doubtless have in great plenty, yet I am sure of *sense*, you can have but little, to ask for money of a poet.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### LINES

Written on the death of Mrs. Eliza Giraud,  
aged 20 years.

[Whose death we announced on the 18th ult.]

THE mournful muse, now strikes the plaintive string,  
And o'er death's lovely victim, strives to sing ;  
Now mirth and joy, forbear their cheerful strains,  
And yield to virtue, what she justly claims.

As when the sun sheds forth its brilliant ray,  
Breaks through the clouds, and scatters mists away ;

But ere mid-day returns the low'ring gloom ;  
Thus did Eliza find an early tomb.

She rose in life, adorn'd with every grace,  
Which cast a lustre on her lovely face ;  
Her bosom glow'd with sacred zeal and love,  
Her footsteps pressed towards the courts above.

To God's blest cause devoted in her youth,  
Her soul delighted in his faithful truth ;  
And in her walk, its precepts were display'd,  
White as the raiment, that her form array'd.

But death, commissioned from the upper skies,  
Seiz'd the fair victim, made her life his prize ;  
Her feeble nature sunk beneath his rod,  
But faith was victor, through Emanuel's blood.

Oh happy saint ! Oh dear celestial shade !  
What a bright sparkling crown, adorns thy head ;

Blest with the presence of the King of Kings,  
Sweet is the anthem which thy spirit sings.

A golden harp, well tun'd for songs of praise,  
Shall loudly echo thro' unceasing days ;  
No sin nor sorrow shall thy bliss annoy,  
All—all is harmony and sacred joy.

Well may we long to gain those blissful plains,  
Where love and friendship in perfection reigns ;

Like thee, our souls would wing their rapturous flight,

And dwell with thee in everlasting light ;  
May our best hope, be "fasten'd on the skies"  
That we may gain the christian's glorious prize. N.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### LINES ON PEACE.

COME, gentle Peace ! and soothe the human breast,  
And calm conflicting passions into rest ;  
Let the contending jar of right and wrong,  
Be hush'd to silence, with thy cheering song.

Come, gentle Peace ! no more let widows mourn ;  
Nor lovers languish for thy wish'd return ;  
No more let orphans their slain sires deplore,  
Nor earth again be stain'd with human gore.

Come, gentle Peace ! let thy best influence shine,  
Nor man fall victim at ambition's shrine ;  
Let soft humanity pervade the land,  
Plant fellow feeling in each man for man.

Come, gentle Peace ! let man no more contend,  
Nor mourn the loss of brother, son, or friend :  
Let not cold penury, (while cannons roar,)  
With hasty strides come knocking at the door.

Come, blessed Peace ! and heal the wounds of war ;  
And leave with man the bright and morning star ;  
To usher in the more prolific sun,  
To crown our prospects, when our labour's done.

Come, blessed Peace ! and make the meadows smile,  
Richly reward the farmer's honest toil :  
Let warlike weapons, cultivate his fields,  
And wisdom teach him the repose it yields.

Come, blessed Peace ! let virtue grace the land,  
And christian fellowship join hand in hand ;  
Throughout the world let war and tumult cease,  
And mankind find—a blest—eternal Peace.

New-Rochelle, Feb. 26th 1815.

### HUNTING.

BRIGHT rays of purple fire the sky,  
And gild the shivering stream,  
Beyond the western mist on high  
While the gay woodlands gleam.

Hark ! how the voice of hounds and horn  
Floats in the fragrant gale ;  
Along the rustling thicket borne,  
And down the shadowy vale.

They pass ; nor fancy's modest ear  
The shouting train pursues ;  
No screams of bloody triumph cheer  
The solitary muse.

Ye, whose victorious arts beguile  
The sufferer of its breath,  
Who watch, with fierce unthinking smile,  
The languid throbs of death ;

Haste, let your harmless captives bleed :  
Ye too must fall as they ;  
Death, on a swift though noiseless steed,  
Pursues you as his prey.

Nor yet prolong the victim's woe  
In lingering terror driven ;  
Kill, do not torture ; mercy show,  
And mercy hope from heaven.

# Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY MARCH 18, 1815.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The British ship *Coruna*, from London for Grenada, prize to the *Chasseur* of Baltimore, with a valuable cargo; and the British packet brig *Lady Mary Pelham*, prize to the *Kemp*, have both arrived at Wilmington, N C.

Accounts from Mobile, of Feb. 11 say, that the British forces lately defeated at New-Orleans had turned their attention towards Fort Bowyer, on Mobile Point; the bombardment of which they commenced on the 8th ultimo, since which nothing more has transpired.

It is reported that 300 British seamen in barges lately attempted to burn some Mills on the *St Mary's*, and that they were defeated by 40 or 50 volunteers, with considerable loss. It is much to be lamented that the news of peace had not been known in that quarter before these sanguinary scenes took place.

Within the present week, it is presumed that near 100 sail of vessels, of different descriptions, sailed from this port, with cargoes, bound to different parts of the world—a good evidence of better times and "Sailors Rights."

## Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. John Van Deuser, to Miss Deborah Donaldson.

## Obituary.

The City-Inspector reports the death of 50 persons, during the week ending on the 11th inst. of whom are the following:

George Springsteel, aged 32. John Foy, aged 25. Tyne Van Orden, aged 35. Ann Earle, aged 73. Wm. Dodds, aged 30. Mary Nelson, aged 71. Mr. Remington, aged 30. Anthony Wood, aged 28. Wm. Cox, aged 77. Mary Lyons, aged 49. Anthony Farrant, 45. Mary Lyons, aged 18. Catharine Lawrence, aged 36. Phillis Allen, aged 22. Mrs. Marvin, aged 35. Charlotte Campbell, aged 19. R. Spragen, aged 52. Paul Coffey, aged 25. Jane Lee, aged 21. Nancy Boyle, aged 38. Wm. Miller, aged 62. Peter Duryon, aged 65. John Clark, aged 86. Sarah Duffie, aged 68. Hannah Stewart, aged 21. Allen Cheney, aged 39. Ann Mead, aged 51. Joseph Smith, aged 95. Olden Olmstead, aged 31. John Amber. Phebe Comb, aged 36. Alyday Allen, aged 24. Joseph Mead, aged 59; together with 6 boys, and 6 girls.

After a short illness, Cary Ludlow, esq. in the 79th year of his age.

Mrs. Jane Delamater, wife of Mr. John Delamater, aged 81 years.

Mr. James Daly.

Mrs. Rachel Horn, wife of capt. Alexander Horn.

## An Apology for our Patrons, and a Rebuke for Post-Masters.

It has again become necessary to complain of the transmission of our papers by mail—of their detention, at times, by the way, and sometimes that they never arrive at their place of destination. Frequent and loud have been the complaints on this subject; especially from the Southward; and, a few days since, we received a communication from a friend in South-Carolina, directing the stoppage of his paper for the present, for no other reason than that time may be afforded him to make some other arrangement for its transmission than through the Post Offices; he not having received more than two papers out of three in the course of the last two years; and not one paper (though they have been sent regularly) since the 17th of December last, have been received. The editor will not conceal the fact that it is his firm conviction that the fault can only be attributed to the culpable negligence of some Post Masters, in suffering the packages to be opened in the presence of spectators, and in allowing them to borrow or take away the papers. Apart from the venality of such conduct, it is productive of a double injury, to the editor and the subscriber; to the former in giving cause for censure, however unmerited, and to the latter in meanly depriving him of his property. He would, if he could, discover these *gentlemen pilferers*—rather make them a present of a year's subscription than be compelled to tell the world that such negligence and such depravity could be found here. At all events if they are disposed to continue such dishonest and contemptible practices, it is advised they do it as secretly as possible, lest disagreeable consequences should ensue.

## To Correspondents.

"CAROLINE" will appear next week. Such matter will be always acceptable.

To our new correspondent, under the signature of W\*\*\*\* we return thanks, and should be glad of more favors from his chaste pen.

The "Acrostic" lines would only be interesting to those concerned. They will be returned if called for.

## THE MUSEUM

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